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## My Note Book.

*Leonato.*—Are these things spoken or do I but dream?  
*Don John.*—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.  
 —*Much Ado About Nothing.*



DURING a recent visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art I could not get out of my mind the South Kensington Museum's ingenious device to rid itself of undesirable "art treasures" bequeathed by well-meaning but misguided persons, and I wondered whether it had occurred to the trustees of our New York institution. The practice at South Kensington is to "loan" such objects to provincial museums. The provincials are proud to put on the label "Kindly loaned by the South Kensington Museum," and visitors stare at the cases in wonder, supposing that of course the things must be very fine; otherwise they would not have been sent "all the way from London." It is "rather rough on" the provincials, it is true, and I do not for a moment recommend such dangerous dissemination of bad art for the masses. But something surely should be done to avoid setting a false standard for the admiration of the uneducated. Perhaps the best way out of the difficulty would be, when the extension of the Metropolitan Museum buildings is completed, to bring together all the obnoxious collections into one wing, which the wise visitor would soon learn to avoid. That would mitigate the evil of the present. For the future, the rule should be stringently enforced that bequests shall not be accepted under the too common provision that the collections of the testators shall be kept together intact.

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"They [the New York fashionable people] foster all the fine arts; but for fashion what would become of them? They bring to the front merit of every kind; seek it in the remotest corners, where it modestly skinks from observation, and force it into notice; adorn their houses with works of art and themselves with all the taste and novelty they can find in any quarter of the globe, calling forth talent and ingenuity."

So says Mr. Ward McAllister in his wonderful book, "Society as I Have Found It," just published by Cassel & Co., who I suppose will make a small fortune out of it. No one but a very vulgar person would presume to criticise this important publication save in the most reverent spirit. On the points of catering for a Newport picnic, precedence in a quadrille at a Centennial Anniversary Ball, or on the claims in general of mere ladies and gentlemen to enjoy the privilege of meeting socially the "Four Hundred" favored mortals Mr. McAllister, the uncrowned King of the New York aristocracy, has selected for his court, who could be so fit a judge as this great and good man, who not only "found" New York Society, as the title of his book too modestly puts it, but actually *founded* it? To question any of his dicta would be the height of folly and presumption. I trust, though, that Mr. McAllister will not think it impertinent if I ask him for some facts—be they ever so small—in support of the amazing assertions contained in the paragraph from his book, quoted above. Will he name a single American artist of merit—painter or musician—whom "the smart set" he represents has brought forward or practically encouraged? Is it not a fact, rather, that this worthy, but—it must be confessed, I am afraid—not very intellectual set, has never recognized a single American painter or musician whose talents have not first received the seal of foreign approval?

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DURING the summer vacation all the paintings in the Corcoran Gallery "were removed from their frames, cleaned, oiled and in some cases varnished," says The Washington Star. That is well enough; but what is this we read in the next sentence about "the retouching artist, a diligent, conscientious Baltimorean"? A "retouching artist," however "conscientious," is dangerous let loose in a public gallery, and the more "diligent" the more dangerous. The "conscientious Baltimorean," however, seems to have made an interesting discovery, as a partial offset to whatever mischief he may have done. "While working on the celebrated Schreyer canvas, The Watering Place, The Star says he found that "the sky, a dirty, disagreeable yellow, which was regarded as the painting's only fault, was merely an accident, having evidently been painted on to cover a defect

in the way of a bruise of the original coat. He carefully removed this overlay of paint, particle by particle, until the artist's own sky appeared, a delightful combination of gray cloud and blue ether, which, now that it has been brought out and varnished, adds fully twenty-five per cent to the qualities of the canvas."

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It will be a fortunate circumstance if the discussion raging between Mr. Hamerton and the editor of The Magazine of Art as to the proper limitation of the designation "an etching" shall lead to an agreement by the art world on some term which shall be generally accepted as distinguishing the original work of an artist, bitten in *by him* on the copper, from the ordinary photogravure, as well as the photogravure reproduction in fac-simile, by "biting," of a pen drawing, which Mr. Hamerton claims is entitled to be called an etching, because the drawing really is etched—that is, bitten by the acid into the metal. It is well known that Mr. Amand-Durand has produced such wonderful fac-similes of the etchings of Rembrandt that, supposing that he could print them on the kind of paper in use in Holland in Rembrandt's time, it would be almost impossible even for an expert to distinguish them from the originals. Mr. Amand-Durand, being an honorable man, takes care to indicate that his prints *are* reproductions; but it is easy to imagine that the unwary might be easily imposed upon in such a matter by unscrupulous dealers.

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THE clumsy term, "painter-etching," commonly used to distinguish the original and spontaneous work of a Whistler or a Legros from the "reproductive etching" of commerce, of course does not meet the difficulty; because an original pen drawing might be perfectly reproduced as an etching by the Amand-Durand process, without the intervention of any alien hand so far as the *art* of the original is concerned. Might it not, too, be called then a "painter-etching"? The editor of The Magazine of Art would say "no," on the ground that, technically and commonly, etching means both the drawing and the biting done on the copper plate by the same artist. To return to the question of giving a name to this etched fac-simile of a pen drawing or of an etching—would not 'Photo-etching' be a safe general term to designate any line etching (original or reproductive) not 'bitten' by the artist himself, and would not 'Pen-etching' be a suitable term whereby to designate an original pen line drawing which has been 'bitten' by an alien hand?

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ACCORDING to The Boston Transcript, the Verestchagin collection of paintings, rugs and bric-a-brac, which is to be shown "in the circular building on Tremont Street, formerly devoted to the Cyclorama of the Battle of Bunker Hill," is "entered in bond" for exhibition, free of duty, in the same manner as Millet's 'Angelus,' which, report says, will be exhibited at the same place and time." There is something wrong in this statement. The Verestchagin collection has already paid duty, the second six months' bonding having expired while the show was out West. As for the "Angelus," the last heard about those peripatetic peasants was that they were skulking somewhere on the Canadian border line to escape paying the duty which was collectable, the term of their bonding having expired. The interesting question will soon have to be decided by the Treasury Department whether the famous "Millet" shall now pay the thirty per cent duty under which it was imported or the fifteen per cent duty which has gone into effect with the passage of the McKinley bill; or whether the kindly ruling of the powers that be, exempting the owners of the "Angelus" from the operations of the statute which forbids "art associations," incorporated for business purposes, importing pictures free of duty, will be made retroactive and exempt Messrs. Sutton, Kirby and Robertson from paying any duty whatever on the picture. The firm seems to have unbounded "influence" at Washington, and I do not doubt that everything will be arranged to their satisfaction.

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"THE Man with a Hoe," considered, by many, a finer Millet than "The Angelus," I learn has found its way into the hands of Mr. Durand-Ruel, who bought it last month from the widow of Van den Eynde, of Brussels. When Mrs. Pommery, of Rheims, chagrined by the loss to the Louvre of "The Angelus," sought to compensate her countrymen by buying for the nation an equally capital work by the same painter, she opened negotiations with Van den Eynde with the view to acquiring "The

Man with a Hoe;" but he would not part with it at any price. She then bought "The Gleaners," and presented it to the Louvre. These two canvases of Millet, together with the "Shepherdess" in the Van Praet collection and "The Angelus," form a famous quartet, although at least two of the pictures by this master which were lent to the Barye Monument Fund Exhibition at the American Art Galleries, besides "The Angelus," deserve to rank among his very best work.

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"THE Angelus," on account of its religious sentiment, probably will always be the most popular of the pictures of Millet. "The Man with a Hoe" is a more characteristic, if less agreeable example of the master; it shows the degraded, animal-like peasant of France, a joyless creature, a mere living machine; of the type Guy de Maupassant shows us in "Bel Ami." Discussing the picture with a Frenchman recently, I made a remark to this effect, which gave rise to an amusing misapprehension on his part. "Bellamy!" he repeated. "Oh, yes! He wrote 'Looking Backward.' I have not read it."

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TROYON's famous "Paturage" was bought from Mrs. Van den Eynde at the same time as "The Man with a Hoe." Both paintings, by the way, were among the masterpieces of the Retrospective Exhibition in Paris last year. The composition of the Millet will be familiar to the readers of The Art Amateur from the fac-simile of the artist's crayon study for the picture published in these pages in 1889. Still another important Millet has been bought lately by Mr. Durand-Ruel—the "Woman Spinning at a Wheel," formerly owned by Coquelin, the comedian. This energetic dealer got it, together with a "Dance of the Nymphs," by Corot, formerly in the Defoer sale, and a "View in the Orient," by Decamps, out of the Borget collection, as a part of the purchase of the entire collection of Mr. Hertz, of Paris, consisting of some thirty pictures of the school of 1830. Which of all these pictures are destined for the United States I have not heard.

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THE supply of first-class works by Old Masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools seems in no present danger of being exhausted to meet the extraordinary demand for them in this country. Mr. William Schaus, who sold "The Gilder" to Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, has brought over the famous "Portrait of an Admiral," formerly in the Allard collection in Brussels, which it is said will rival the Havemeyer picture. [By the way, whose fault is it that this gentleman's splendid Rembrandt trio at the Metropolitan Museum are so hung that, with their plate-glass coverings, they are practically useless, except as mirrors to reflect the faces of the passing crowd.] Mr. Schaus has also brought over paintings by Rubens, Franz Hals, Jacob Ruysdael and Cuyp, which are said to be first class. I have not yet seen them, nor any of Mr. Durand Ruel's new purchases of Dutch and Flemish masters, some of which must be extraordinarily fine; for they include Rubens' famous "Triumph of the Church," Rembrandt's "Treasurer," from the Bosch sale in 1885, and his renowned picture, "David Playing before Saul;" the two latter, I understand, are coming to this country. It will be very interesting to see the last named, because we have no really first-class example in America of Rembrandt, except in single figures. Indeed, outside of the European museums, such is very seldom found. Only a month or two ago I heard that Mr. T. C. Yerkes, of Chicago, had offered the owner \$38,000 for this large and important work. It is out of the very choice little collection formed by Mr. George, a rich dealer in champagne, living in Epemay. Having lost his sight, this unfortunate gentleman has been persuaded to part with the treasures he is no longer able to enjoy. There are only seven pictures in the collection, and Mr. Durand Ruel has bought them all. The others are: "Halt at an Inn," by Albert Cuyp, "Portrait of a Gentleman," by Franz Hals, "Moonlight," by Aort Van der Neer, "Dame in a Farm" (?), by Adrian Van Ostade—the important example, containing about thirty figures, which was in the San Donat sale; a Pieter de Hooghe, of a light tone—which is rare, and a Teniers of unusual size, formerly in the Beurnonville collection.

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"It has recently been asserted that there is no vocation for men of wealth and leisure in America. To be a patron of the arts is no mean or insignificant vocation, and since it requires a highly cultivated taste and an extensive knowledge of art periods and of literature, it seems rather singular that men of wealth and



leisure do not more frequently ally themselves to the inexhaustible interests and attractions to be found in art."—*Marcia Davies, in The New Orleans Times Democrat.*

WE have hundreds of so-called "collectors" of works of art, but, with probably not a dozen exceptions, they are only speculators, who buy pictures, porcelains or what not, and hold them for a rise as they do stocks and shares, oil and pork. It is hard for your prosperous American, be he never so little in need of money, to resist the chance of realizing a profit on his purchase. For this reason we have virtually no homes—that is, in the sense that families in the Old World have homes, handed down from father to son for generations. Americans, as a rule, only live in their houses until some one offers them a big enough inducement to forsake them for others—the inducement of course being money. There *could* be no other inducement than money. As for the ties of association, endeared by reason of long years of happiness, or the more sacred ones of trial and sorrow, would not their claims be instantly dismissed by the practical papa as silly sentiment? His principle is that anything can be had for a price. There is nothing that money will not buy if only enough is bid. He is a patron of art because he thinks that it pays. He buys pictures with famous signatures with the same foresight that he buys his wife big diamond earrings. Both afford present enjoyment, and both can be depended on to bring back their cost when the time comes to sell them. He will, it is true, lose the interest on the purchase of his wife's diamonds, but this will probably be offset by the profit he will make on his pictures. The term "patron of art" always has been offensive to me, even when applied to such real amateurs of the Old World as the Medicis and the Malatestas; for what man can patronize Art, which is so ineffably superior to all men! But to speak of your speculator in hogs, or in oils, or in pictures as a "patron of art!" Let us change the subject.

ANOTHER triumph for American stained glass. They are decorating with mosaic the cupolas over the staircase that leads from the museum of antiquities to the gallery of Apollo, at the Louvre, and it is found that the work, so far as it is finished, is very crude in tone. It has therefore been determined to light it by large sheets of American opalescent glass, which is expected to have the effect of a softening and harmonizing glaze. The *Moniteur des Arts* speaks of the glass as still "assez per connu chez nous," and speaks appreciatively of it.

SOME of the newspapers seem determined to kill the editor of *The Art Amateur* beyond the hope of resurrection. After polishing him off with all the honors in—it must be admitted—very handsome obituary notices, they now appoint his successor. The *Boston Globe* informs its readers that:

"Mr. Gleeson White, a talented English writer and artist, is now editing *The Art Amateur*."

and the paragraph doubtless will be copied by scores of journals just as was the premature announcement of the death of the real editor. Therefore, be it known, all men, by these presents that Montague Marks is still the editor and proprietor of *The Art Amateur*, and hopes to remain so for many years hence. It is a pleasure to add that Mr. Gleeson White is Mr. Marks's valued associate.

THE McKinley Tariff bill does not repeal the odious duty on works of art, but it reduces it from thirty to fifteen per cent, for which I suppose we ought to be thankful, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. The *Evening Post* evidently thinks that no bread is better than only half a loaf; for it argues that it is either right or wrong to tax works of art, and that if it is right to do so, the tariff should have remained as it was. If consistency were the rule in the actions of Congress, this would be rational ground to take; but as no one can reasonably expect that the ridiculous McKinley bill would make an exception in favor of Art, on the score of consistency, perhaps we had best rest and be thankful to the Free Art League for the good it has accomplished, and trust that its spirited champions, Messrs. Beckwith, Cox and Colfin, will not rest contented until they have wiped the tax clean off the statute books.

THE objection is urged against the adoption of the Golden Rod as the national flower that it is rarely found in the South. The further objection might be advanced that the Golden Rod cannot be satisfactorily conventionalized, and it is therefore unfitted for use in architecture.

IT is really surprising how many "famous American artists" are exploited, by the European press, whom no one knows in this country, and the condescension with which some of these gentlemen speak of art in the United States is decidedly refreshing. But before me, even in that usually discriminating journal, *The New York Sun*, are over two solid columns of adulation by the well-known English panegyrist, Helen Zimmern, on a Mr. Henry Newman, whom she describes as "the eminent water-color artist." The following is from Miss Zimmern's interview with Mr. Newman.

"And now one last question, Mr. Newman," I said, "and this with a view to your countrymen. What do you think of American art and its prospects?" "Oh, you want to catch me, do you?" he laughed. "No, I'll do like old Millais. I won't talk about the living, and so avoid getting into hot water. But this much I will say. I do not expect America to have an art. It is a new country, absorbed in practical matters; art needs a leisured class."

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THE Richard Mansfield "collection" brought nearly ten thousand dollars at Wetmore's Fifth Avenue auction rooms last week, a very high price for the furniture and belongings of his bachelor quarters, which, while in excellent taste, were by no means extraordinary. The newspaper which swallowed the yarn about the picture of "The Lost Prince, Louis XVII., painted by Horace Vernet," and lamented that, although "undoubtedly genuine," this treasure "brought only \$250," wasted its sympathy. Mr. Mansfield had an understanding with the auctioneer that he should "bid in" any lots he chose by paying the usual commission; and if he did not do this, it was because it did not pay him to do it. It may be added that Mr. Mansfield has a collection of the etchings of Legros, which any connoisseur might envy; but he is too wise to offer that at auction.

MONTEZUMA.

#### TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF DELACROIX.



ARTISTICALLY considered, the unveiling of the Delacroix monument in the Luxembourg Gardens, at Paris, October 5th, was an event of great importance. After the lapse of twenty-seven years, and when many other artists of much lesser calibre and celebrity have their statues on the public square, the greatest colorist of the modern French school has finally been honored in a manner befitting his merits. From all accounts, it appears that the much-abused word of masterpiece may safely be applied to the monument that the sculptor, Dalon, has made for the committee headed by that old romantic, Auguste Vacquerie. The monument is composed of a pedestal, surmounted by a pyramid, and at the foot of which is a rectangular basin, all in white marble. Upon the steps of the pedestal Apollo is seated, applauding Time, who raises Glory in its robust arms to the bust of Delacroix, which crowns the pyramid. Old trees surround the monument, and give it the appearance of being buried in a nest of verdure. Dalon has made the bust of Delacroix from portraits, and particularly from the portrait of the artist painted by himself, which is now in the Louvre. Delacroix is represented as he was in life, with his melancholy and delicate features, his small, sharp eyes almost concealed under his thick black eyebrows, strong cheeks and trembling nostrils, denoting great passion and will power and at the same time a sort of sarcastic disdain. Around his neck is the legendary foulard, which the artist always wore, whether he was at work or in repose. The bust and allegorical figures are in bronze and were cast in "cire perdue," by Bingen, a founder whose merits entitle him to rank as an artistic collaborator of the sculptor. Dalon himself says that no better casting was ever done by the Keller brothers, celebrated for their work in "cire perdue" during the reign of Louis XV.

Delacroix's biography has been written so many times that it is unnecessary to recall more than the principal points in his laborious career. Born in 1799, he studied in the studio of the classical Guérin, who soon saw that the pupil was anything but academical in his tendencies, and left him to his own inclinations. Géricault, who was a student in the same studio, gave the young pupil advice and lessons, and in 1822 Delacroix sent to the Salon his painting of "Dante and Virgil in the Inferno," which at once made a sensation. Two years later his

"Massacre of Scio" continued the success of his first work, and was the beginning of the celebrated struggle between the young artists who had broken away from the classical traditions and those who still followed them under the leadership of Ingres. Delacroix was immediately acknowledged as the chief of the romantics, and, without paying any attention to the raillery of his opponents, continued to produce those works which, if they bewildered many of his contemporaries, have long ago been recognized as masterpieces. It was only in 1855 that Delacroix's glory was definitely consecrated; at the Universal Exhibition he received the grand medal of honor, and the Government made him a Commander in the Legion of Honor. The Institute, finally forced by public opinion to recognize the artist's merits, elected him, in 1857, a member in succession to Paul Delaroche. He died in 1863.

At the recent ceremony the grand and laborious career of Delacroix was appropriately eulogized by the Minister of Fine Arts, representing the Government, by Henri Delaborde, on behalf of the Institute, and by Paul Mantz, the art critic and one of the surviving friends of Delacroix. The Minister recalled the reasons why Delacroix merited a national homage, and Mr. Delaborde endeavored to extenuate the conduct of the Academy of Fine Arts by intimating that if Delacroix had not sooner been admitted to a seat, it was because his partisans had exaggerated the revolutionary tendencies of their hero. However, the time had happily passed when the generous efforts made by Delacroix to give a more animated and picturesque representation of historical scenes and human passions expressed to the eyes of the disciples of a false classicism nothing but an extravagant fancy or the sterile determination of a conventional mind. No one would to-day think of approving this denial of justice. Now that the artistic quarrels of sixty years ago are no longer only historical curiosities, every one can study the works of Delacroix and appreciate their value without any exterior influence warping their judgment. The painter who has produced all these works is, happily, for everybody, a great artist and a master.

M. Paul Mantz's address was a particularly felicitous analysis of Delacroix's talent. After saying that Delacroix's followers admired him because his art was full of sentiment, life, color and the cry of the human drama, and because he replaced the coldness of dead formulas by the tumultuous spectacle of living tragedy, M. Mantz claimed that Delacroix was the equal of the greatest colorists and that his profound study of the problems of color constitutes for him an instructive and scientific rôle in the history of the French school. Moreover, he was never the uncertain worker who believes that he has said something when he has covered a canvas or a wall with paint; he was a poet and a savant who, in order to produce a work, called thought to his aid. In the handling of light and shade he is no less magistral, and Rembrandt would have loved these paintings, where the beams are vehicles of thought. In his scenes of African life Delacroix has given eternal lessons, and in his decorative work on vast surfaces he has shown an intellectual richness and an ingenuity of creation that makes the fecundity of the most opulent inventors appear indigent in comparison. As for his science of drawing, which his opponents pretended he ignored, there was a unanimous cry of surprise on the morrow of his death, when his studio was found to contain thousands of drawings, all admirable and sincere studies of the human model and the great masters, sketches of animals that he drew like Barye and painted like Rubens, aquarelles and pastels of flowers and studies of skies with sumptuous sunsets and poetical dawns. Some verses written by Theodore de Banville and recited by Monnet Sully, of the Comédie-Française, closed this interesting ceremony.

THEODORE CHILD.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

IN order to make the Correspondence Department of *The Art Amateur* as valuable as possible to our readers, we have decided to try the experiment of answering every query of urgent importance *as quickly as possible, by mail direct*, instead of through the columns of the magazine only. For this we shall make no charge. We only ask that the questions may be written as clearly and concisely as the case allows. We have always regretted not being able to meet our readers oftener than once a month. In this regard we hope to put ourselves on the footing not only of a monthly but even of a *daily* adviser in all that pertains to art in the home.